

The Musical World.

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VOL. 46—No. 49.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1868.

Price { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY, (SATURDAY).
ROSSINI CONCERT.—Programme includes: Overtures to "Tancredi," "Semiramide," and "Gazza Ladra," ballet music in "William Tell," &c. Vocalists—Mdlle. Bauermeister, Mdlle. Seacchi, Mr. Perten, and Herr Wallenreiter. Harp Solo, Herr Sjoden. Conductor, Mr. Manns. Admission, Half-a-Crown; Guinea Season Tickets, free; Stalls, 2s. 6d., at the Palace.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—**CONDUCTOR, MR. COSTA.**—FRIDAY NEXT, December 11th, the 37th Annual Christmas Performance of Handel's Oratorio, "MESSIAH." Principal Vocalists—Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli. Band and Chorus of 700 Performers. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d., now ready, at No. 6, Exeter Hall.
NOTE.—Country visitors desirous of securing tickets should at once send Post Office order or cheque, payable to Mr. James Peck.

MADAME EUGENE OSWALD has the honour to announce that her **FIRST EVENING CONCERT** will take place at **ST. GEORGE'S HALL, SATURDAY, December 12th.** Executants—Madame Eugene Oswald, Mr. Lazarus, Mr. Henry Holmes, Mr. A. Barnett, Herr Daubert. Vocalists—Mdlle. Florence Lancia, Mdlle. Sauerbrey, Mdlle. Erna Steinhagen, Mdlle. Salvi, Miss Fanny Holland, and Mr. W. H. Tilla. Accompanateurs—Herr Wilhelm Ganz, Mr. J. G. Calcott, Herr Sauerbrey. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., 1s.

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MISS KATHLEEN RYAN begs to announce her **REMOVAL** to 21, TAVISTOCK ROAD, WESTBOURNE PARK.

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SIGNOR TITO MATTEI'S MUSICAL TOUR.

MDLLE. CLARA DORIA will sing **Mr. JULES BENE-**dict's popular Ballad, "MINE, THOU ART MINE," at every Concert during the Tour.

SIGNOR TITO MATTEI'S MUSICAL TOUR.

MDLLE. ROSAMUNDA DORIA will sing the popular Irish Ballad, "OH! COME TO GLENGARIFF," every evening during Signor Mattei's Tour.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT (Soprano). All communications respecting engagements with his Pupil, Miss BESSIE EMMETT, to be addressed to Mr. J. TENNIELLI CALKIN, 12, Oakley Square, N.W.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT will sing **BENEDICT'S "ROCK ME TO SLEEP,"** at the Store Street Rooms, January 9th.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing the renowned song by Benedict, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," in Mrs. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital, at the Corn Exchange, Maidstone, on Tuesday, December 15th. Programmes of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON will sing "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at Hemel-Hempstead, December 8th; Bridgenorth, 14th; Welshpool, 15th; Ruthin, 16th; Denbigh, 17th; Corwen, 18th; Llaydudno, 21st; Bangor, 22nd; Carnarvon, 23rd; Liverpool, January 2nd and 4th; Bacup, 5th; Manchester, 6th; Chester, 9th.

MISS ABBOTT, the popular Contralto of the London Musical Academy, will sing during her Provincial Tour commencing December 8th, at Longton, Staffordshire, and on the evenings of December 9th, Congleton; 10th, Hanley; 11th, Wolverhampton; 12th, Stone-on-Trent; 14th, Stoke-on-Trent; 15th, Burslem; 16th, Newcastle-under-Lyne; 17th, Leek—the admired song, "O COME TO GLENGARIFF," and, with Mr. D. NEWTON, HENRY SMART'S Duet (Poetry by WELLINGTON GUERREY), "OH! BREATHE, YE SWEET ROSES."

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing **BENEDICT'S** popular Variations on "LE CARNAVAL DE VENISE," at the Albion Hall, December 18th.

MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON and Mr. DENBIGH NEWTON will sing **SMART'S** new Duet, "OH! BREATHE, YE SWEET ROSES," at Hemel-Hempstead, December 8th.

MISS ABBOTT and Mr. DENBIGH NEWTON will sing **SMART'S** new Duet, "OH! BREATHE, YE SWEET ROSES," at Congleton, December 9th; Hanley, 10th; Wolverhampton, 11th; Stone-on-Trent, 12th; Stoke-on-Trent, 14th; Burslem, 15th; Newcastle-under-Lyne, 16th; and Leek, 17th.

MADAME FLORENCE LANCIA being engaged to sing at the Choral Union Concerts, Glasgow, on New Year's Day, and Kendal, etc., will be happy to receive applications for Oratorios and Concerts en route before or after January 1st, 1869.—67, Portisdown Gardens, Malda Hill, W.

MADAME. R. SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she continues to give Lessons on the Guitar and Concertina.—38, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MR. MAYBRICK (Baritone), from Leipzig and Milan, begs to announce that he is in Town for the Season. For engagements, &c., address, care of Messrs. HUTCHINGS & ROMER, 9, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W.

MR. CHARLES STANTON will sing **BLUMENTHAL'S** "THE MESSAGE," at Longton, December 8th; Congleton, 9th; Hanley, 10th; Wolverhampton, 11th; Stone-on-Trent, 12th; Stoke-on-Trent, 13th; Burslem, 14th; Newcastle, 15th; Coventry, 16th; Solihull, 21st.

MISS BINFIELD and Mr. CHARLES STANTON will sing "I'M AN ALSATIAN" (from OFFENBACH'S "Lisichen and Fritchen"), at Longton, Tuesday, December 8th; and at Wolverhampton, December 11th.

MR. GREENHILL will sing **H. T. TILLYARD'S** new song, "COME, SING THOSE TENDER WORDS AGAIN," at the Filmore Rooms, December 9th; and at Leyton, December 16th.—DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

SIGNOR FOLI begs to announce that he is free to accept any Engagements for Concerts and Oratorios from December 4th until February 10th. All communications to be addressed to **SIGNOR FOLI**, St. Michael's Villa, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood.

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Par CHARLES FOWLER.

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The Operetta complete for Voice and Piano, 15s.; and the Libretto, 6d.

THE UMBRELLA SONG, from Miss VIRGINIA GABRIEL'S Operetta, "A RAINY DAY," is published, price 4s., by

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G. ROSSINI.*

The death of Rossini has been the European event of the week, so much so, indeed, that the obsequies of Rothschild, the great king of finance, passed by almost unnoticed. This striking and universal homage rendered to genius is a public testimony of the noble emotions engendered by music, which has become, in France as well as in Germany, an art profoundly national, affecting the popular masses equally with the highest strata of society. The venerated likeness, and the biography of Rossini, cried about the streets at five centimes a piece, found their way spontaneously among the people, while the members of the fashionable world seek for the least relics of the great man, and rival each other in their efforts to possess them. The name of Rossini is heard on all lips; it is in the air, like some magic vibration to which no human being can remain indifferent. The reason is that no man ever achieved a fame more popular, and, at the same time, more aristocratic than Rossini's. The strains of the Swan of Pesaro are graven in the memories of all, and will ever remain so. They are indelibly incrustated in high comedy and in grand drama. The music of the *Barbieri* and of *Otello* will live as long as Beaumarchais and Shakspeare. But let us leave to the voice of one endowed with the due authority, with eloquence, and with a conviction of the truth of what he utters, the task of sketching in, with bold strokes, the portrait of this mighty musical genius, let us at once make room for the words pronounced by M. Ambroise Thomas, in the name of the Academy of Fine Arts, at the tomb of the great master whose loss France deploras as deeply as Italy. J. L. H.

ORATION OF M. AMBROISE THOMAS.

"My emotion is profound, and I should find it difficult to overcome the extreme agitation which I now experience, were I not borne up by the thought that I am speaking in the name of the Academy of Fine Arts, of the Institute.

"By doing me the honour of entrusting to my care the formidable mission of representing it at this moment, the Academy wished that the expression of its regret—this public act of solemn homage—paid by it to the colleague it was so proud of possessing, should come from the lips of a musician, the most humble and the most fervent of Rossini's admirers.

"Gentlemen, when we behold a man of genius disappear from among us, when we see one of those lights expire which have illumined an entire age, the most eloquent praise of all would be, perhaps, to incline ourselves in mournful silence.

"I shall not attempt, therefore, to trace the life and the works of Rossini; others will perform that immense task; but, at this hour of our last farewell, it becomes the Academy to remind you of the attractive influence this extraordinary man exerted upon his art.

"Springing from the beautiful Italian school; endowed with a fertile imagination; and animated by the most brilliant intelligence, he enriched the stage, from the very commencement of his career, with works of incomparable vigour and brilliancy.

"Who does not remember the astonishment, the disputes, the storms, his appearance excited in Italy? But by what triumphs were those conflicts followed! The noise of them soon spread through all Europe, and Europe became enamoured of his luminous genius, and welcomed the successful innovator.

"It was by the external form which he possessed the art of giving to his works, and by the variety of his striking rhythms, and, also, by the marvellous skill with which he brought out to the best advantage the talent and the charm of great singers, that he earned the title of an innovator.

"This superiority alone, and the universal favour then bestowed upon Italian singing, even in its excesses, would have sufficed to make Rossini the great enchanter of the world.

"His rapid and prodigious renown, due to the seductions of a school of art which will never entirely escape the reproach of sensualism and frivolity, would, perhaps, have not endured so long, if to the attractions of this external form there had not been united beauties of a higher order. Dramatic life and movement; truth of character; abundance and clearness of ideas; harmony of proportion; elegance and charm of style—such are the beauties which Rossini has scattered through his works, which he thus stamped with the impress of a great master.

"If, in light music and in comedy, he has often proved himself inimitable, to what a height has he not attained when treating the

most severe subjects? With what nobility of sentiment and with how powerful a hand has he not traced the most grandiose scenes! His last dramatic masterpiece, *Guillaume Tell*, written especially for France, displays to brilliant advantage and in the most admirable unity the elevation of his thoughts, the richness of his imagination, and the majestic serenity of his style.

"From the remembrance and consideration of Rossini's works, ought we not to-day more than ever to derive a salutary lesson?

"How was it that this marvellously gifted melodist became a thinker and a great musician? It was by studying assiduously the models of every school; it was by giving his mind up more especially to Haydn and to Mozart, whom, during all his life, he absolutely worshipped, that this man of spontaneous genius subjected himself to healthy traditions, and acquired that sense of the Beautiful, that love of form and of grand lines, and that knowledge of architectural order, which render works of art imperishable.

"Let no one be mistaken! Under an appearance of scepticism, Rossini concealed an artist of deep faith; those who saw him during the years of his retirement, years so well filled up, and so productive, as people will soon discover; those who were fortunate enough to enjoy an opportunity of appreciating the delicacy of his wit and the amenity of his character; those persons know with what interest he followed the movement of musical affairs, and how correctly he judged the period of trouble and bewilderment through which our art is passing.

"He looked forward calmly to the future; everything about him, even to his smile, announced his confidence in the triumph of the immutable principles of the Beautiful.

"He had a right to reckon on the equitable judgment of posterity, and to believe, with us, in the immortality of his works!

"Gentlemen, one word more, one more act of homage, rendered not only to the great genius but to the man of heart! Desirous of leaving a last testimony of his love of art, and of his sympathy for France, his adopted country, Rossini recently founded two prizes of three thousand francs, to be awarded every year in his name, one for a piece of poetry, and the other for a musical composition, lyrical or religious.

"The Academy will take a pride in being connected with this noble and generous thought. In the name of the young artists of France, who alone will be allowed to compete, let us at once give expression to a feeling of lively and profound gratitude.

After these last words of M. Ambroise Thomas, words greeted by prolonged marks of approbation, we will place before our readers the actual text of this double legacy, bequeathed by Rossini:—

THE ROSSINI PRIZE.

TESTAMENTARY DIRECTIONS.

"I desire that, after my decease and that of my wife, there shall be founded, at Paris, and exclusively for Frenchmen, two prizes, of three thousand francs each, to be awarded annually for ever: one to the composer of a piece of religious or lyric music, the composer being bound to pay particular attention to melody, so neglected at the present day; and the other to the author of the words (prose or verse) to which the music is to be wedded, the said words being perfectly appropriate to the music, and the laws of morality, to which authors do not always pay sufficient attention, being observed in them. These productions will be submitted to the consideration of a special committee, chosen from among the members of the Academy of Fine Arts, and the committee shall decide which of the competitors shall have deserved the prize, called the 'Prix Rossini,' to be awarded at a public meeting, after the performance of the piece, either in the building of the Institute, or at the Conservatory.

"It has been my wish, in bequeathing this legacy, to leave to France, a country from which I received such kindness, a testimony of my gratitude, and of my desire for the perfection of that art to which I consecrated my life.

"G. ROSSINI."

We must also inform our readers that, by the same will, Rossini, being equally anxious to consecrate his entire fortune to music and musicians, bequeathes all his property eventually—comprising the proceeds of the sale of his *objets d'art*, instruments, and curiosities—to his native town Pesaro, for the purpose of founding a Conservatory, which, like, by the way, the two prizes founded by him, shall bear his name.

Otherwise, except two small legacies to relations, and the twice twenty Roman crowns given by him, *ab irato*, to the city of Bologna, there are no particular testamentary directions. He leaves his widow for her life his villa in the Bois de Boulogne, together with his actual fortune, and the complete collection of his manuscripts and posthumous works, which will constitute quite

* From *Le Ménestrel*. Translated for the *Musical World*.

another fortune. His admirable Mass, composed for his friend, Pillet Will, would alone suffice to do so. One thing may be confidently asserted, namely, that this monumental work, scored by the hand of the master himself, will render him a second time celebrated in a department of music in which his immortal *Stabat* has already placed him so high.

This admirable Mass was not heard at Rossini's funeral service; the prayer from *Mose* set with Latin words, fragments of the *Stabat* combined with fragments from the respective *Requiem*s of Jomelli, Pergolesi, and Mozart—Mozart for whom Rossini entertained so deep an affection, and whom he used to call the master of masters—had to be given instead. Jomelli's "Libera" was selected on account of the admiration which Rossini expressed for this magnificent piece, at the meetings of the Academic Society for Sacred Music, founded and directed by M. Vervoitte.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

There is some analogy between the history of Schumann's music in England and that of his artistic life. The composer whose genius has battled so long for recognition made a weary search before he found out where his strength lay. As the schoolboy of Zwickau, devoting spare hours to the piano; as the law-student of Leipzig and Heidelberg, mixing up music and jurisprudence; and as the pupil of Friedrich Wieck, labouring at the key-board so hard as to disable a finger, Schumann was groping his way into the light, with confused ideas of its whereabouts. But when Dorn had opened up to him the entire field of musical expression, the light was found, and Schumann saw himself the prophet of a new artistic faith. In modern times poets establish journals, and by means of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* the young composer found a propaganda which is working still, because the world is not yet converted. He preached down forms and exalted idealism; he demanded that music should be liberated from the trammels of precedent, and be free as his own fantastic imagination. Schumann was desperately earnest, and tried hard to reduce his theory to practice. But he found this more difficult than either its conception or its advocacy. Nevertheless, he worked on through what was really a "storm period," with painful devotion. His earlier compositions show how visionary were the ideas on which he hoped to base the canons of art, and of what mental licentiousness he had to get rid. For the creed that, in his young enthusiasm, Schumann set himself to preach, though in part true, was in greater part false. His intensely poetic temperament demanded a complete idealization of that which after all has largely to do with the real. He could not bear to see the genius of art restrained like a hobbled Pegasus. By so much did Schumann's passion get the better of his reason. He mistook music for a branch of metaphysics.

It was not surprising that even so earnest an advocate of an exaggerated truth should come to see its real proportions, for Schumann was, above all, conscientious. As the ardour of youth abated his sight grew clearer; moreover, the charm of Mendelssohn's purity and sweetness began to work upon his mind. It may be, also, that the influence of a gifted wife had something to do with the manifest difference between the first and second periods of his career. At any rate, the date of his first symphony (1841) marked the beginning of a series of works which, though strongly individual in conception and treatment, shows that the composer had made a compromise with the dogmas he would once have overturned. The old heaven was still apparent, but not less so how Schumann had come to look upon the older masters as other than prophets of an effete dispensation. In the union of highly original ideas with acknowledged modes of expression which marks his second period lies Schumann's strength, and hence the works written between the dates of his first and fourth symphonies will determine the place he must definitely hold. Earlier he was a dreaming enthusiast, later a hypochondriac.

We mentioned at the outset that there is an analogy between Schumann's career and the history of his music in England. Such a man could not arise without drawing to himself a few disciples between whose active enthusiasm on the one side and the passive unbelief of the great majority on the other a long contest would inevitably take place. In this respect Schumann stands alone. Haydn and Mozart, with their unflinching melody and transparent treatment, Mendelssohn uttering his poetical thoughts in most mellifluous numbers, and Schubert touching every heart with piquant simplicity or melancholy grandeur, were promptly welcomed by the English public; while Beethoven was only rejected for a time when he uttered the "dark sayings" to which, even now, few possess a key. Schumann, on the contrary, has had to fight for every step towards public favour, and the conflict is not half over yet. We charge nobody with unfairness or prejudice in this matter. The fault, if fault there be, lies with Schumann

himself, who chose, or was impelled, to write, caring less for the beauty of his work than for its faithfully reflecting certain trains of thought or emotional conditions. He could have taken no more certain means of arousing wide-spread distrust, if not dislike. The sticklers for form would have nothing to do with one who made form subservient, while those who wished to be pleased without effort of their own turned away from music the meaning of which—if it had any—required patient seeking out. The vitality of Schumann's creations under circumstances like these is an argument in their favour. That cannot be an insignificant thing about which the entire musical world has contended for years, and still contends with unabated earnestness. But vitality may legitimately mean something more to the composer's disciples. They may take it as an earnest of final success. As with men, so with movements—if infancy be outlived, the chances of maturity are favourable. Twenty years have passed since Schumann wrote the works upon which his fame will rest. That those works are not only living now, but exciting more attention than ever, warrants a hope as to the future bright enough to satisfy their most exacting advocate.

It is evident that Schumann has been making not a few English friends of late. Some who stood aloof at first, and demanded to know the stranger before they trusted him, have permitted friendship to take the place of suspicion. Others, who honestly objected to him for what they considered faults, have since discovered merits on account of which they more than tolerate the sinner. And others again—a far larger number—who merely echoed the cry of the hour, begin to quaver in their accents. Much of this result is owing to the Crystal Palace Concerts, at which Schumann has been exhibited through evil as well as good report with a constancy that deserves success. Happily for the composer, Messrs. Grove and Manns—each in his way as great an enthusiast as ever was their common idol—possess exceptional resources, and are able to do their work in the most perfect manner. For example, the production a few weeks back of the Symphony in E flat was worth a hundred essays upon its composer's genius, and made an impression not likely to be soon effaced. Schumann's advocates may well be proud of the work in question, for it is an example which goes far to establish their case. Of its character and purport the master himself has told us somewhat. The Rhine and Cologne Cathedral had each a part in suggesting the five movements composing it, three being due to the national river, and two to the religious edifice. Schumann gave the former a popular cast, and never more successfully proved the elasticity of his powers. Both the opening *Vivace* and the closing *Allegro*, not less than the quaint *Scherzo*, strongly reflect the composer's individuality, yet they are as clear, straightforward, and intelligible as could be wished. Nothing by Schumann is more unlike the popular idea of the master. It is rollicking, sunshiny music which might suggest the (operatic) revels of Rhenish grape-gatherers. The other movements are hardly so satisfactory. The inconsequential musing of one who rambles through a Gothic cathedral is apparent in the *Andante*; while the *Religioso*, though here and there interesting, conveys the notion of a man struggling with ideas beyond his power of expression. But, these things notwithstanding, the entire work is calculated to make every impartial mind avoid a hasty judgment of its composer. The claims of a man able to write the Symphony in E flat must not be refused a thoughtful hearing.

The domain of music is a wide one, and affords ample room for Robert Schumann. Even if this were not so, room should be made for one who comes with such independent thought and original expression. If any have to remain outside, let them be the manufacturers of music after other men's patterns, of whom we have enough, and to spare. But the author of Schumann's four symphonies—of his Pianoforte Concerto in A minor, &c.—should be welcomed as one who speaks, because having something new to say. His speech may be strange, but that of itself is no reason for rejection or even doubt.

BOLOGNA.—The new *Barbiere di Siviglia*, by Signor Dell' Argine does not appear likely to enjoy any very great run.

BRESLAU.—The oratorio of *Moses* was performed on the 17th ult., under the direction of the composer himself, Herr Thomas. The impression produced was, on the whole, favourable, but the work is decidedly not a masterpiece.—Concert of the Orchestral Union: "Herbiden Overture," Mendelssohn; air from *Rinaldo*, Handel; Preludes, Liszt; air from *Semiramide*, Rossini; and Symphony in A major, Beethoven.

COLOGNE.—First Soirée of Chamber Music given by Herren Königsloew, Japha, etc.: Stringed Quartet in A minor, Schumann; Stringed Quartet in C major, Beethoven; Pianoforte Quartet (new), Hiller; and Pianoforte Solos.—Concert of the Musical Society: Overture to *Egmont*, Beethoven; Concerto for Violoncello, Molique (Herr Krumboltz); Overture to *Faniska*, Cherubini; and Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, Mendelssohn.

COMPOSERS AND COMPOSING.

Mr. Thomas Carlyle, when descanting upon what Dr. Watts calls "this fleshly load," delivered himself as follows:—

"These limbs—whence had we them; this stormy force; this life-blood with its burning passion? They are dust and shadow—a shadow-system gathered around our *me*; wherein, through some moments or years the divine essence is to be revealed in the flesh."

Possibly, when looked at from the heights of philosophy, our corporeal structure may appear as a "shadow-system." But viewed from the lower level of common humanity it turns out to be a very material thing, with very material interests dependent upon it. Sometimes, indeed, it proves so little like a shadow as to be an insurmountable obstacle in the path of the particular "*me*" who owns it. When the old Jewish writer passionately exclaimed, "Oh! that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest," his desire was not for what Mr. Disraeli would call the "lateral extension" of his body, so much as for the power of getting out of it altogether. In this feeling poets and philosophers, from David to the sage of Chelsea, have shared so far as to run a muck against "the house we live in," and to say all manner of disparaging things respecting it. No doubt, somewhat may be advanced on the other side—at any rate, the argument of necessity cannot fail to suggest itself—but, from their point of view, these poets and philosophers are right, and the body is sadly in the way. It has wants which must be supplied after the prescribed fashion of the community to which it belongs; it is subject to natural laws, and so compels the "divine essence" within to pay heed to gravitation and the barometer; and the possession of it involves the owner in a maze of duties and responsibilities, the end of which is nowhere. Imagine what it would be for a great intellect to know nothing of such an encumbrance, to be above all considerations of demand and supply; to be heedless of the tax-gatherer, free of the jury-box and the electoral register, and able to laugh at the time-wasting customs and absurd restraints of civilization. What an amount of noble work could not such an intellect get through in such a case? How it might lay itself out for its own glory and the good of its kind with a devotion only limited by the time in which it would have to act. To be sure, there would be a difficulty in the way. Pure intellect cannot hold a pen, paint upon canvass, or handle a chisel. But we decline to push our supposition thus far.

We will not assume the reader to be asking what all this has to do with composers and composing, because he has, doubtless, seen its application from the first. The composer, more than any other, finds the body and its belongings stand in his way. This is not owing to any peculiarity of construction. Neither does the result altogether arise from liability to dyspepsia and other ills which sadly and surely upset the equilibrium of the tenant within. Indeed, so little is the result due to inherent disability, that one can readily imagine a state of things in which the possession of a body with all its attendant responsibilities shall be a source of pleasure, even to the musician who can conceive nothing but symphonies. But such a state of things is not yet; for the symphonic musician would assuredly "shuffle off this mortal coil" in a workhouse. At present, the composer's disability springs from the conditions and tastes of the community of which he—by virtue of his flesh and blood—forms a part. This is unpleasant and aggravating in itself; nor is it made less so by the fact that he alone of all creative art-workers is placed at such a disadvantage. The painter can paint for future fame with a certainty of present profit. He knows that the more likely a picture is to hand down his name to future generations the more likely it is to find a liberal purchaser. As for the cunning artist who can make—

"Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone,"

he also is well assured that the more noble his productions the more noble the pecuniary return they bring him. Not so the poor man whom Heaven has gifted with the power to write music. If he work for fame, or from a noble ambition to achieve the highest forms of his art, he simply can't live. He has a bodily appetite which must be satisfied—an overture will not bring him bread. Climate and custom

make clothing imperative—he cannot pay his tailor's bill with a concerto. The tax-gatherer, and all sorts of people with their "little accounts," knock at his door—they are hardly disposed to be satisfied with the assurance that he has just finished a symphony in E flat. So the poor man has to choose between the degradation of the body or the degradation of the mind. Either he must write something to "sell," and be content to throw off ephemera having the longevity of a gadfly, or he must put up with "short commons" and take his shabby coat to Coventry, at the unanimous wish of all his friends. Who will say that this is not true, or that, being true, it is not hard? No doubt the sight of a great musical genius, producing, in poverty and obscurity, works destined one day to make him famous, is immensely interesting; as it is to imagine such a man being thus apostrophized by some future Pope:—

"Hail, bard triumphant! born in happier days,
Immortal heir of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn thy mighty name shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found."

Meanwhile, however, the cupboard of the great genius is as bare as that of Mother Hubbard, and Tomkins, who flourishes upon *morceaux pour salon*, cuts him dead in the street. Such has been the fate of genius before now; and such may be its fate at the present moment for anything we know. But whether this be so or not, it is certain that the necessity for living clips the wings of composers, and keeps them fluttering at the lowest level.

Here then, is an undoubted grievance. Can it be got rid of?—"Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" A composer out of the body is impossible; the State will not pension him in the body (on the contrary, with a grim humour, it demands a yearly account of his income for purposes of taxation), and publishers object to buy, because they cannot sell, any work likely to do him credit, or augment his fame. So in looking for a remedy, one must travel into the region of imagination, where, happily, everything is possible. Once there a choice of measures presents itself. On the one hand, we see an art-loving public, jealous for the honour of their generation, ever keenly on the look out for the signs of genius, and ever anxious to direct that genius into the highest paths; not by eulogistic maunderings, which "butter no parsnips," either in figure or in reality, but by the simpler and more practical course of money down. On the other hand we see the composer of acknowledged merit elevated to the rank of a State personage, with a grateful country regulating all his mundane affairs, paying all his bills, keeping hand organs and intrusive friends at a distance, and leaving him to court the Muses in some congenial retreat which he and they most effect. Vain dreams, of course; but what if there be nothing for it but to dream? Even imagination comes as a consoler when naught better can be had. So let the composers of our day, who must live as they can, and not as they would, create for themselves an ideal world in which there is no demand for drawing-room songs and pianoforte fantasias, but where everybody calls for music such as can

"Soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge Leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands."

This is the only possible comfort we can offer them.

THADDEUS EGG.

ROSSINI'S DEATH has excited a profound impression throughout Italy. Commemorative performances, concerts, &c., have been got up in all the principal towns.

MILAN.—*Le Nozze di Figaro* has been given at the Santa Radegonda, but with very moderate success, on account of the utter inefficiency of the artists. At the Carcano, *Il Barbiere* was given lately in memory of Rossini, but given in a very unsatisfactory manner.

AMSTERDAM.—Concert of the Cecilia Society: Reformation Symphony, Mendelssohn; Overtures, Nos. 1 and 2, to *Leonore*, Beethoven; two movements from Symphony in B minor, Schubert; Symphony in C minor, Haydn; and Overture to *Euryanthe*, Weber.

STRASSBURGH.—The band of the Conservatory celebrated the third year of its existence by a concert, when the following works were among those performed: *Eroica* Symphony, Beethoven; Overture to *Ruy Blas*, Mendelssohn; and Prelude to *Lohengrin*, R. Wagner. M^{me}. Viardot sang several songs.

PASSAGES FROM MY LIFE.

(REMINISCENCES OF ONE NOW DEAD.)*

(Continued from page 808.)

During my three years' stay, 1829-32, in Leipsic, the theatre of which city was then a branch of that in Dresden, I received letters once or twice from my friend Holland. He had come out successfully in his native place, Breslau, as Roger in *Le Maçon*; George Dibdin, in *Der Vampyr*; and Ottokar, in *Der Freischütz*; his great wish, however, was apparently to be an operatic director. He now formed the acquaintance of the then celebrated *bravura* singer, Mdle. Kainz, who not only became his singing-mistress but his wife. She proved a greater prize to him in the former than in the latter capacity, for, when I met him again in October, 1832, at Riga, where they had both been engaged on brilliant terms, I found he was a very excellent singer but an unhappy husband. He was a favourite with the public, and it was really almost impossible for any thing to be more graceful than his Johann von Paris, Fra Diavolo, his Figaro in *Il Barbiere*; von Saldern in *Die Braut*; and Don Juan. His fine high baritone was admirably suited to these parts; but he sang also Licinius, Othello, and all low tenor parts, with equal skill and success, being seconded by his handsome appearance, and knowledge of the stage, which caused small deficiencies to pass unnoticed.

We were always together, and a fresh charm was lent to our meetings by the addition of a young artist closely allied to us in mind. A few weeks only after my arrival in Riga, the new chorus-master (and also first violin in the orchestra) was introduced to us in the person of Carl Friedrich Weitzmann, a pupil of Hauptmann and of Spohr. His first appearance was intensely comical. The management had resolved to give an evening concert upon the stage, and Weitzmann was to make his *début* as a virtuoso with some variations on the violin *à la* Paganini (then something spic and span new). At the rehearsal, conducted by Herr Engelen the *Concertmeister*, I was seated next to Holland in the gloomy pit, watching the proceedings. Weitzmann came unsteadily forward, looking, as he used to look, half bashful and half impudent, with his mighty hawk's nose and his large wondering eyes. He began the pleasing fifths, and immediately afterwards went off into "Il cor non più mi sento," being honoured, when he had executed only the motive, by the applause of his future colleagues. Then the brilliant display of fireworks, the squibs and rockets of the demoniacal Italian, began fizzing up into the borders, while, after every eight bars, the gentlemen in the orchestra stretched their necks more and more, and looked upwards—for nothing similar had ever before been heard in Israel. Weitzmann, being now sure of success, grew bolder and bolder in his fingering, quicker and quicker in his time . . . when, suddenly, just as he had completely run down the gamut, *prestissimo*, from the three-line *g* to the small *g*, alternately *col arco* and *pizzicato*, his bow flew out of his cunning hand, whizzed high up into the air, and then passing through the opening for the float, fell underneath the stage, while Weitzmann made a fruitless attempt to catch hold of it. Even at the present day I can perceive the scene so clearly that I could paint it. But the impression produced arose not only from the form of the yet youthful violinist being transformed to that of a helpless old man by his unexpected and heavy loss; it was strengthened by the real Berlin "Nanu!" which escaped at the same time, from the virtuoso's lips, in a tone that cannot be described, but which was perfectly audible. Holland immediately said to me, "Henry, my boy, that is the man for us!" and such was the case. Agreeable as were the hours I had previously spent in intimate intercourse with artists and lovers of art, at Königsberg, Leipsic, and Hamburg, as well as similar ones afterwards passed at Cologne and Berlin, they never equalled those we three passed together at Riga. Banished as it were to Russia in early manhood, we did not, like so many of our older colleagues, bear within us the crushing feeling that, having been found wanting in Germany, it was only in Russia that our efforts would be tolerated; on the contrary, we glowed with justifiable pride at its being our lot to preach and propagate the gospel of true artistic faith at a place so rich, and so fond of art as Riga. Not one of us, either, left the chief city of the provinces on the eastern coast of Russia without being conscious

of having done the best in his power to foster the growth of art in that promising soil.

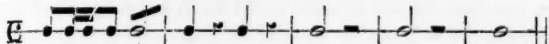
There was plenty of work, for our managers. Madame von Tschernjowski (formerly well known to older theatre-goers, even in Berlin, as the vocalist, Madame Gosler, *née* Herbst) understood how to make up a bill *comme il faut*. But the company had its full complement, and was willing; the heads of the various departments were young and zealous—and thus the performances were conducted to the satisfaction of all persons. It was here that Holland displayed, among other things, his talent for stage management, achieving, in grand opera, in a comparatively small space, really great effects, by his clever grouping of the various characters; while, in comic opera, his delicate sense of what was required ensured the greatest possible animation in the combined efforts of the artists. He so developed this gift under Herr Moller, who took the position of the managersess, that he subsequently discharged with great credit the duties of stage manager of the German opera in St. Petersburg.

There reigned among the singers then engaged at Riga, so highly cultivated a taste for art, and so brotherly a feeling of good fellowship, that, combined with the humour we had imported from Germany, they united the leading artists by a bond of social intercourse which was exceedingly agreeable. We got up for our own private amusement (*mirabile dictu*) vocal quartet parties, in which only compositions of our own were executed. To our number belonged the basso Grisler, an excellent musician, and Flische, now a theatrical manager, but then a highly talented young buffo, and a second tenor singer as safe as the Bank. This *réunion* was the nucleus of the German *Leidertafel* afterwards founded by the late Herr Porth, and myself, and the first ever known in Russia. In W. A. Wohlbrück (now dead), who was engaged for character parts, we gained an excellent writer of occasional verses, whose ready wit most infallibly frightened away every fit of hypochondria almost before it began. Holland's birthday inspired the merry band with the notion of giving him a morning *Ständchen*, on which occasion the entire article "Holland," from beginning to end, was, after a few introductory words, read, as a solemn speech, from a geographical Gazetteer. Every time the reader came to the catch-word, "Holland," we all reverently bowed our heads. At appropriate places, the chorus came in with short explanatory remarks set to music, such for instance, as "Holland hat die feinste Leinwand, fein're Leinwand hat wohl kein Land."—"Holland hat auch Tulpenzwiebeln, na! wer will ihm das verübeln?"—"Holland hat famösen Käse, darob sind wir gar nicht böse."—"Holland hat den fettsten Häring, Schweden's ist dagegen gering!" etc. Accompanying all this, we had chocolate and hock *ad infinitum*. We had not much time to spare, however, for such festivities. In the morning from 8 to 11 we gave private lessons; then we had rehearsals in the afternoon; from 3 to 6, more lessons; then the performance. . . Such was the agreeable fashion in which we parcelled out our time, a fashion of which German musicians know something even in their native land. Our professional duties were not the same day after day—but the hours not devoted to them were always filled up by extra lessons. When we arrived, Holland was already highly popular as a singing-master, especially in the small but rich circle of the Livonian nobility; Weitzmann and I entered on possession of the great inheritance left by Herr and Madame Lehnhart, who had just gone to St. Petersburg, and of Herr Hesse, a pianoforte virtuoso, who had left at the same time for Italy, with a Russian lady of distinction. Thus all three of us had plenty to do, and our leisure time was, therefore, devoted all the more zealously to recreation. Our motto was "Cheerfulness," and the amateurs of Riga joined us heart and soul.

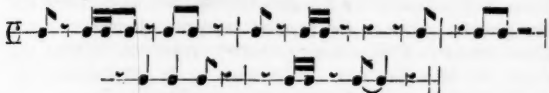
Only too rapidly did the first pleasant years of our triumvirate pass away. An engagement was offered Holland, as singer and stage-manager for opera in St. Petersburg, and the moment of separation drew near. But before we said good-bye, a wonderful musical event was destined to take place. Madame Holland resolved to give Rossini's *Cenerentola*, as a novelty, for her benefit. The parts were distributed; the vocal rehearsals, with the help of the pianoforte arrangement, in full swing; and we were expecting every hour the arrival of the full score, which had been copied in Berlin from that borrowed from the Königstädter Theatre. At length, the regular sailing vessel arrived from Lübeck—but it brought no score. It is true that Captain Wenditz had the latter

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

down in his bill of lading, but that was all. To write to, and receive a letter from, Berlin; to search for the missing score; or perhaps to have it copied out . . . all this would, at that time, have taken months. In this state of things, we three leaped into the gulf, for the *prima donna*, as Curtius did for Rome; the pianoforte arrangement was divided into three portions among us, and in ten days the score was complete. What mad things we introduced: instrumental effects of which no musical ear had previously had a presentiment; rhythms in the accompaniment which left the singers uncertain as to whether they were accompanied in equal or unequal measure, and many other things which I cannot now remember with precision. But Holland's spirit of fun towards the orchestra surpassed even Weitzmann's good nature for the tenor Don Ramiro (sustained by Robert Schmid, still resident at Riga, where he is inspector of the new theatre), who was never allowed to come upon the stage without a flourish on the big drum and the cymbals. Holland, in fact, rendered the most simple final formulas so complicated, that every member of my band had to be continually on the *qui vive*, in order not to become the laughing stock of the rest. Thus, for instance, the conclusion on the triad of the tonic, which occurs a hundred times and runs thus:—



was transformed, according to Holland's version, into the annexed monstrosity:—



At the rehearsals, the singers and the orchestra were in high spirits, and at the first performance, everything went admirably, but as there are always two parties required for a joke, the party making, and the party taking, it, and as our jokes were unintelligible to the public, and, therefore, necessarily ineffective, the attention indispensable on the part of the executants gradually diminished, and at the second performance I experienced greater vexation than pleasure. The day afterwards, Holland took his place in the mail, and set out on his journey to the North.

HEINRICH DORN.

(To be continued)

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Our hard-hitting friend, the *Tomahawk*, has just struck a blow for this most deserving institution. We gladly echo the sound of it:—

"Not the Royal Academy but the Royal Academy of Music, an institution which, in no other country of Europe but barbarous England, could be so neglected as it is now. We squander millions every year in firing useless guns at useless targets, to say nothing of the countless hundreds which go towards the support of equally useless birds of prey known as servants of the crown, but we grudge a thousand pounds from the national purse towards any institution connected with art. There is no School of Painting or Sculpture, properly so called; there is no School of Music; there is no School of Elocution; there is no School of Acting, in this highly civilized country. The Royal Academy of Music is now so badly off, receiving as it does no assistance or encouragement from the State, that but for the selfish conduct of the various professors, who have been content to receive only a percentage on their salaries in order to keep it open, this highly useful institution would have died of inanition.

"There are now, every week, public rehearsals, or, more properly, concerts, given by the students, and it is to invite attention to them that we write these lines. We were present at the last concert, and, although we were painfully impressed by the singular inadequacy and shabbiness of the accommodation, considering that this is the only School of Music which England possesses, yet we were delighted to see how much industry and perseverance had been expended in a good cause. Ridiculously scanty as is the extent and wealth of the Royal Academy of Music, it has numbered among its pupils some of our best musicians; and, even fettered as it is for want of funds, it does much now to create a class of educated musicians, and to cultivate the taste and talent of our young male and female aspirants to musical fame.

"One of the greatest of living English composers, Sterndale Bennett, is at the head of this establishment. We heard some very charming

music, and the pupils, if some of them smacked rather too much of the pupil-room, still showed how well they were taught, and what pains they took to profit by the teaching. The great faults that struck us in both instrumental and vocal music were, first, faulty pronunciation of the words, and, next, a want of expression and soul. One singer (a Miss Christian) was certainly a notable exception, for she sang a song founded on a Scandinavian legend with great intelligence and feeling. She has contracted a habit of breathing too audibly, which much mars the effect of a very sympathetic voice. But we do not wish to be censorious, or to make invidious distinctions. All the students acquitted themselves with much credit, and showed that they had, at any rate, taken the greatest pains to prepare their various pieces. Two young ladies recited a scene from the *Hunchback* with great spirit, and did much credit to the Professor of Elocution. The part-singing is capable of great improvement. But severe criticism would be out of place and cruel. We heartily commend these concerts to the patronage of those who wish to encourage the study of music in this country, and who are anxious to aid all organizations which tend to wean our youth from the degrading frivolity which is the curse of this age."

ROSSINI.

(From the "Continental Review.")

It is all over. Rossini is no more; his remains lie in Père-la-Chaise; the crowd has dispersed; and the universal hum of deferential sorrow in which all joined on hearing of the death of this illustrious composer has totally subsided. This is not the place for considerations on the instability of man's grief, and, moreover, Rossini can never be forgotten; he must live in the memory of posterity, and it is no form of speech to compare such men to monuments which are erected on high places and weather all storm, even the outbursts of ingratitude, and rise majestic even under the cloud of oblivion. Rossini's body alone is therefore in the silent cemetery; his memory is everywhere, and though neither Alboni, nor Patti, nor Nilsson, could rouse the sleeper from under the sumptuous catafalque, over which they alternately, with plaintive and imploring melody, poured out the strains he loved, still, they will ever find, on turning over the pages of his works, that in some passage or other he will respond to whatever they feel on yearning for reciprocity. It would be a satisfaction here to repeat all that the papers have communicated on Rossini's funeral, to put down the names of the famous and great who pressed in serried, silent ranks into the Trinité to record the subdued murmur of deep reverence and admiration, which was so near turning into profane applause when the voices of our *divas*, tenors, and baritones, almost impersonated the *Stabat*; but however satisfactory such an enumeration would be, it is a repetition of what has been told, and the harmonious phalanx of that grand funeral day did not satisfy my inward cravings half so well as the harmony I found yesterday in the lane down which Rossini would walk to the Bois, passing through the narrow, almost hidden, door which led from his garden to his favourite bench near the Mare d'Auteuil. True, the leaves were all falling, and the lace-like ferns are heavily curling back instead of crisply waving as they did in June, but the birds still hop among the branches and chirrup while mating. The damp is but a veil thrown over the traces of Rossini's footsteps, and under it the thrill is quietly quivering—that powerful thrill which some call "*souvenir*." There is a lyre over the side-door I have indicated, and some tender hand has slung a black crape streamer across it. It could not even float, but, quite wet, fell drooping over the chords, and still the place was full of music to me. One more reminiscence, for I leave to the erudite hand of the critic the pleasant task of judging Rossini; I prefer relating the unobtrusive signs of regret to the pomp which attended him this week, and therefore will tell the incident of the mandoline, which may some of us who attended the funeral never forget. The long procession had just entered the last street leading to the cemetery—that strange avenue, lined right and left with marble slabs, effigies, urns, wreaths, silver and crystal hearts, zinc tears, muslin sighs, and all the fictitious paraphernalia of sorrow sold by tomb merchants. One of these houses was ornamented or disfigured by a wooden balcony, and leaning over this mournfully gazed down an Italian; a mandoline was hung upon a nail outside. This is all, but if we suppose that this was a wandering musician, whose fingers had struck the instrument for bread, and who, having nothing more to offer as a sacrifice of love, doomed his beloved mandoline to eternal silence because he whose tunes was most productive was no more, we have something for a painter to think of as grand as the simplicity of the Hebrews, "who hung up their harps" because of the sorrows of Jerusalem. And so it is; the least said the better, and instead of a more official article, I offer the narrow lane, the lyre, and the mandoline as fit elegies on departed Rossini.

GUY FLAX.

ROTTERDAM.—Concert of the "Voorzorg" Society: Overture to *Les deux Journées*, Cherubini; Fourth Symphony, A minor, Mendelssohn; Overture to *König Stephan*, Beethoven; and Symphony in C major with Fugue, Mozart.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

FOURTH CONCERT OF THE ELEVENTH SEASON,
MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 7TH, 1868,
To commence at Eight o'clock.

Programme.

PART I.

SEPTET, in E flat, Op. 20, for Violin, Viola, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon,
Violoncello, and Contrabass—MM. STRAUS, HENRY BLAGROVE,
LAZARUS, C. HARPER, WOTTON, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI Beethoven.
SONG, "Amor nel mio penar" (*Flavio*)—Madame SAINTON-DOLBY Handel.
SONATA, in C major, Op. 53, dedicated to Count Waldstein, for Piano-
forte alone—Mr. J. F. BARNETT (his first appearance at these Con-
certs) Beethoven.

PART II.

SONATA, in D major, for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment
(first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Herr STRAUS... .. Corelli.
SONGS {"Du bist die Ruh"}—Madame SAINTON-DOLBY Schubert.
QUARTET, in G minor, Op. 20, No. 3, for two Violins, Viola, and
Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—MM.
STRAUS, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI Haydn.
CONDUCTOR - - - - - MR. BENEDICT.

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Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.
N.B.—The Entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly
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L'Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive filz du Roy FLORENDOS de
MACDONNE et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remiclus, Empereur de Constan-
tinople, by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Ingenieur. A perfect copy of this
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. SHIRLEY BROOKS.—"Angels and ministers of grace defend us" occurs twice, not once only in *Tristram Shandy*, and once, not twice, in *Hamlet*. Our correspondent should read Godwin's *Essay on Spulchres*.

MR. HENRY HOLMES, one of our best violinists and cleverest composers, is holding, in conjunction with Signor Pezze, the excellent violoncellist of Her Majesty's Opera, a series of chamber concerts at St. George's Hall, under the title of "New Musical Winter Evenings." Two of these have already taken place, and they are of sufficient interest to merit a special notice, which we shall be able to devote to them in our next.

DEATH.

On the 23rd ult., at Kentish Town, J. W. GRIESBACH, Esq., aged 68.
On the 23rd ult., at Bath, suddenly, Mr. ELIAS REYNOLDS, leader of the Pump Room Band for nearly half a century. He succeeded his father in that position.

NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD will henceforth be published on FRIDAY, in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 214, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1868.

CHANGE UPON CHANGE.

THE communicated article relating to the Philharmonic Society which appeared in our columns last week, suggests a good many thoughts. True, it had but a simple tale to tell—nothing

more than that our oldest musical institution is about to change quarters and abate terms. Behind this move, however, there is a significance which ought not to be passed over.

A word, in the first place, about the step itself. The Philharmonic Society has an historic past intimately connected with a certain policy. Very naturally it is proud of that past, and has clung as long as it could to the policy. Its traditions have always been aristocratic and conservative. It existed for "society," and practically knew no more of people unable to afford fifteen shillings for a ticket, than did Beau Brummel of a leg of mutton. For more than half-a-century, the Society has gone on catering for the *beau monde*, oblivious of any other world, and as indifferent to the march of events beyond its own circle as that worthy gentleman must be who wears the last of the pigtails. But the march of events has been too strong for it. There was once a lover of old-fashioned habits who ignored railways till the existence of his own house was threatened, whereupon he looked sharply after compensation. In like manner, the Philharmonic grew uneasy when its aristocratic supporters began to fall away, and at last it put on its spectacles and surveyed mankind at large. What a sight met those venerable eyes! Cheap music at St. James's Hall, cheap music at the Crystal Palace, cheap music here, there, and every where, and such music! Not glees, ballads, and dance tunes, but the greatest works of the greatest masters; symphonies—erst almost exclusive Philharmonic property,—concertos, cantatas, and much else of a like sort. Yet more to its astonishment, the ancient Society saw a shilling public greedily listening to every note, while waiting carriages outside proved conclusively whither the "upper ten" had transferred their allegiance. No wonder the spectacles were taken off, and much anxious cogitation supervened.

What decision followed upon cogitation the reader knows. We applaud it heartily. The Philharmonic does not resolve to nail its traditions to the mast. It does not vociferate, "The Philharmonic dies, but never surrenders." On the contrary, it comprehends the situation, and gracefully adapts itself to circumstances, doing so, moreover, by no half measures. It tears itself away from a time-honoured and aristocratic *locale* to abide, henceforth, in a place of popular resort. It expresses itself willing to serve the humblest music-lover, and is as ready to take money from Horny-hand as from Kid-glove. In fine, it offers to become the people's Philharmonic. This is well and bravely done, and if the people listen to their suitor, the old institution will have a new lease of life.

We are fast "levelling up," as Mr. Disraeli would say, in matters appertaining to art generally and to music in particular. The time is gone by for any assumption of exclusive taste or knowledge by any one class. This was found out long ago by keen-eyed men, and the discovery, together with that of the omnipotent shilling, has revolutionized concert-giving. Henceforth Jack and his master will enjoy their musical feasts, if not side by side, under the same roof, and, it may be, that Jack will have his way even in the matter of Philharmonic encores. "What next, and next?" No matter what if change upon change lead us in a like direction.

A CLEVER writer in the *Musical Times* laments over fanciful interpretations of great musical works. He takes a great deal of trouble to very little purpose. What harm do the rhapsodists? If anybody be reminded by anything of "a gradual ascent from a level country, through various elevated regions, to a culminating summit, composed of stupendous rocks of terrific aspect and difficulty, amid which the presiding genius is one of awe and fear, and where the pole-star of the beautiful begins to pale in the dark obscure," by all means let him say so. He can hurt no one and may amuse a great many. There is not too much laughter in the world.

VENICE.—Signor Petrella's *Contessa d'Amalfi* was recently produced, for the first time in this city, at the Teatro Apollo, but it failed to achieve any very great success.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

This society began a new season under the direction of its founder Mr. G. W. Martin, on Wednesday last. The beginning was a good one if only because Dr. Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria* had a place in the programme. Probably Dr. Bennett's work would have received more justice after more rehearsal, but, on the whole, its performance was very creditable, and Mr. Martin deserves somewhat of the public for having brought it forward. The soloists were Miss Jewell, Miss Franklein, Mr. Perren, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Miss Franklein was encored in the beautiful air, "Lord, Thou hast searched me out," and a similar compliment was paid all four artists after singing the equally beautiful "God is a Spirit." Mr. Perren struggled manfully against indisposition (for the consequences of which an indulgence was bespoken), and sang the tenor air, "His salvation is nigh them that fear Him," with much care. Mr. Lewis Thomas was well suited in the bass airs, obtaining an encore (unaccepted by the conductor) for "He that drinketh of this water," and singing throughout in a style admirably adapted to the character of the music. The cantata was once more a complete success, and at its close there were loud calls for the composer, who, however, did not appear.

After the *Woman of Samaria*, two choruses from Handel's *Acis*, and the whole of Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night* were given in a manner most encouraging to the society's well-wishers.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The insertion of Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* in Saturday's programme necessarily decided its whole character, as the following will show:—

Trumpet Overture (In C)	Mendelssohn.
Oratorio, <i>The Mount of Olives</i>	Beethoven.
Variations on "God Preserve the Emperor," by all the stringed instruments	Haydn.
Song with chorus, "Nazareth" (Mr. L. Thomas)	Gounod.
Sacred song, "The Legend of the Cross-bill" (Madame Sherrington)	Lemmens.
Air, "Be thou faithful unto death" (<i>St. Paul</i>), Mr. W. H. Cummings	Mendelssohn.
Triumphal March (<i>Naaman</i>)	Costa.

From a musical point of view we cannot but regret that English scruples or—if the reader like the word better—English prejudice, should stand in the way of Beethoven's oratorio. Public taste among our people is opposed to anything like dramatic treatment of episodes in the life of Jesus; above all, of that which possesses the greatest tragic interest. Hence, the comparative neglect of the *Mount of Olives*, the substitution of another story altogether in some versions, and the material alterations made where the original subject has been retained. Yet, even after concessions like these, the work remains almost unknown by the public at large—a fact to be regretted, because not even the great composer himself ever wrote music more worthy of his genius, or of an exalted theme. We cannot enter at length into a description of this every way remarkable oratorio. One feature, however, must be mentioned, and that is the splendour of the accompanied recitatives. Beethoven, with his strong dramatic instincts, and unlimited power of expression must have revelled in the opportunities afforded by the sacred story. At all events he took advantage of them to write descriptive music, which will for ever remain an example to be imitated—hardly, we fear, to be equalled. This is not a point likely to arrest general attention; all the more, therefore, should it be indicated as the chief glory of a composition that worthily deals with the greatest event in history. The performance was generally very good. Madame Sherrington's rendering of the solo in "Prize your Redeemer's goodness," was little short of admirable. Mr. Cummings, the most hardly worked of the soloists, acquitted himself right well. His task was not a grateful one. In treating the theme Beethoven never condescended to study either singer or audience, and somewhat of Beethoven's lofty purpose is required by whoever takes the tenor music in his work. Everybody knows that Mr. Cummings is a capital artist and musician whose last thought would be to put himself before the work he has to do. On this occasion he sang every note with a conscientiousness and reverence pleasant to observe. The qualities thus displayed are rare, and when found, Captain Cuttle's injunction is not required to induce us to make a note of them. Mr. Lewis Thomas had not so prominent a part, but he, too, sang with all the care and effect long experience has led us to look for. His part in the trio, "My beating heart dilated," was sustained in a manner particularly worthy of admiration. The choruses were generally well done, a fact hardly less agreeable as a surprise than as an experience. With regard to the accompaniments we will only say that they were worthy the Crystal Palace band.

We must pass over the balance of the programme with only one general remark. The "Trumpet Overture" was admirably played, but the airs might have been improved by a little more care on the part of Herr Manns, whose dealing with vocal music is never very satisfactory.

To-day there is to be a Rossini commemoration, when the programme will include, as examples of the just deceased master—what does the reader think?—the overtures to *Tancredi*, *Semiramide*, and *Gazza Ladra*, with some of the *Guillaume Tell*. Shame on such a selection. Far better let the illustrious dead alone than treat him so. What would have been said had the Handel Centenary Festival programme been made up of selections from his harpsichord pieces and his operatic airs—all admirable of their kind, but no more a measure of the composer's genius than *Venus and Adonis* is a measure of his power who wrote *Hamlet*.
T. Egg.

REVIEWS.

Hanover Square. A Magazine of New Copyright Music. Edited by LAND-SAY SLOPER. No. 14. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

The pianoforte pieces in this number are a *Cantabile* in G flat major, by Charles Wehle, and a Serenade, "Réve Espagnol," by Edwin M. Lott. Both are very pleasing examples of drawing-room music, while some portions of the first have considerable merit from an art point of view. The first song is a setting by Mr. G. A. Macfarren of Walter Scott's "Farewell to Northmaven." We need hardly say that it has features of a high excellence. Mr. G. B. Allen contributes the second. "Twas long, long since in the spring-time" is a good example of the composer's talent, and one likely to become popular.

I never cast a Flower away. Song. Written by Miss JEWSBURY. The music composed by HENRY SIMS. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

A song written with considerable care and more than average success.

The Spanish March. For the pianoforte. By NICOLÒ FALIERI. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

A timely publication, but ardent Spanish sympathizers like to know whose march it is, and to what party it belongs.

The Zouaves' Retreat. March. By STEPHEN GLOVER. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

EASY, and not particularly attractive. The Zouaves would scarcely feel complimented by the title, but as those braves are represented in a picture as furiously advancing, matters are fairly balanced.

Alton Water. Transcribed for the pianoforte by EUGEN WOYCKE. [London: Hutchings & Romer.]

THERE is more real worth in this transcription than in most of its kind. As an exercise in different styles it is admirable.

Thou art ne'er forgot. Song. The poetry by P. F. BRIDY, Esq.; the music by HAMILTON CROFT. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

A SMOOTHLY written song if not remarkably original.

Sunshine o'er my Soul. Ballad. Words by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY; music by FRANCESCO BERGER. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

THIS is a superior song, written with great taste and skill. Melody and accompaniment are alike admirable. It ought to command the success it deserves.

BRUSSELS.—On the 17th ult. a performance was given in memory of Rossini, and attracted an immense concourse of people. The programme was made up exclusively of works by the deceased master: *Il Barbiere*; fragments from the *Stabat*; an air from *La Gazza Ladra*; the prayer from *Mossé*; and the overture to *Guillaume Tell*. The enthusiasm of the audience reached its climax, when, just as the chorus was about to begin the prayer from *Mossé*, the back scene was drawn up, and the bust of the illustrious master, crowned with a laurel wreath, exposed to view. Rossini visited Belgium only once, namely, in 1836, on his way, with the Baron Rothschild lately deceased, to the banks of the Rhine. On his arrival at Brussels, the illustrious composer, then at the height of his fame and in the flower of his age, was triumphantly received. The Grande Harmonie Society gave him a serenade composed of the overtures to *Il Barbiere* and *La Gazza Ladra*. Several thousand persons had collected before the Hôtel de Belle-Vue, where he was staying, and rent the air with their acclamations when he came out to thank the conductor. The following day the title of honorary member of the society was offered to, and accepted by, him. After a visit *incognito* to Antwerp, he returned to Brussels, where the decoration of Chevalier of the Leopold Order was awaiting him. Liège was not behind Brussels in doing honour to the composer of *Guillaume Tell*. The inhabitants came out in enormous crowds to greet him. From Liège he proceeded to Frankfort, where fresh ovations were in store for him.

An old bachelor suggests that births should be published under the head of "New Music."

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

A SOIREE was given by Mr. and Madame Collard, at Westbourne Hall, on the 25th ult. The singers were Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Goodall, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Herr Stepan, Signor Caravoglia, and Herr Angyalfi. Madame Lancia was encored in a new song, "Good night, sweet mother," the same compliment being also paid to Madame Leupold's talented pupil in Bevnignani's "To him I gave my heart." A capital performance of Hummel's septet was given by Messrs. Claridge, Reynolds, Ford, Brace, Matthew, Evans, and H. R. Bird. Mr. A. Collard is a flautist of considerable skill and taste; his tone is good and his execution brilliant and clear; while Madame Collard, in Weber's *Moto Continuo* and in a duet for the pianoforte (with Mr. H. R. Bird) proved herself a good executant, and one who has studied in a good school. Mr. Vernon Rigby sang Mori's "Pearl Diver" very nicely. Madame Leupold, Messrs. H. R. Bird, Mann, and Mori were accompanists.

A CONCERT was given on the 25th ult. at Brunswick House, Wandsworth Road, in aid of the South Lambeth and Vauxhall Benevolent Society. The soloists were Miss R. Henderson, Miss Houghton, Messrs. Bernard and John Wilson. A miscellaneous programme was well rendered, and the audience indulged in frequent encores. The pianoforte was kindly lent by Messrs. Broadwood. We hope the society, which last year gave away 337 Christmas dinners, was largely benefited.

MRS. MACFARREN gave a pianoforte and vocal recital at Wandsworth, on Tuesday evening last, to a numerous and appreciative audience. Her artistic rendering of the various pieces by Hummel, Weber, Mendelssohn, Brissac, &c., called forth the hearty applause of her hearers, the airs arranged by the latter composer meeting with especial approval. Miss Bessie Emmett was the vocalist on the occasion. Her pure voice and touching rendering of Benedict's "Rock me to sleep," secured for her the favour of the audience, who honoured her with a recal for each of the four remaining songs, for the first of which she substituted Macfarren's "Will my hope be mine," and for the last the "Clochette." These recitals gain more and more favour with the public.

SOME concerts have been recently given at Leyton which shall be noticed in our next.

PROVINCIAL.

MARLBOROUGH.—Mr. W. S. Bambridge, the professor of music at Marlborough College, gave an evening concert in the Town Hall recently. He had the assistance of Miss C. Westbrooke, Mr. and Mrs. H. Barnby, Madame Osborne Williams, Mr. Wallace Wells, and Mr. W. H. Aylward. Mr. Bambridge played Beethoven's Sonata (Op. 29) and Chopin's *La Berceuse* (Op. 57) and Eighth Polonaise, taking part also in a *Duo Concertante* (Mendelssohn) with Mr. Aylward. A new vocal quartet, by Mr. Bambridge, "What do the forest leaves whisper?" was much admired as sung by Mrs. H. Barnby, Madame Osborne Williams, Messrs. Henry Barnby, and Wallace Wells. The last-named gentleman displayed his fine voice in the "Death of Nelson," a song by Reichardt (encored), and Ascher's "Alice, where art thou?" He also sang, with Mrs. Barnby, Rossini's "Mire la bianca." The concert gave much satisfaction.

WORCESTER.—The Cathedral Choir gave a concert in the Music Hall last week assisted by Mrs. Sutton and Miss Pullen. A selection from *Il Trovatore* took up the entire first part. The performance does not seem to have given much satisfaction, probably because every one present had heard the music in its proper place. The second part was miscellaneous. Mrs. Sutton carried off the honours of the evening, being encored (with Mr. Price) in Parry's "A B C" duet, and also in "Laugh while you may." Mr. Done conducted, and Mr. Hughes was at the harmonium.

KIDDERMINSTER.—The autumn concert of the Choral Society took place in the Music Hall, on Wednesday. The first part consisted of Hatton's "Robin Hood," and the second of a miscellaneous selection. Miss Clara Wight (Wolverhampton), Mr. Deacon, Mr. Kent, and Mr. Munton, took the principal parts in "Robin Hood." The concert appeared to give satisfaction. The band and chorus were nearly seventy, and the members showed they had been making steady progress since their last appearance. Mr. Fitzgerald conducted, Mr. Mills was leader of the band, Mr. H. Everitt was at the piano, and Mr. W. Brinton at the organ.

BRADFORD.—At the second subscription concert the chief items in the programme were the Jupiter Symphony, and the overtures to

Guillaume Tell, *Fidelio*, and *Le Domino Noir*. Mr. Hallé was pianist, and Mdlle. Sinico vocalist. Of the lady, a local paper thus speaks:—

"To Madame Sinico was assigned the welcome task of sustaining the vocal music, which, throughout, was of a high character. Her rendering of Mendelssohn's *scena* was marked by true dramatic power, but fell tamely, notwithstanding that the concluding portion of the *aria* contains majestic passages, to which her voice did full justice. Verdi's air was rapturously given, and met with a deserved encore; and in her final song, a new and most excellent one, by Signor Bevnignani, who visited us on the occasion of the last concert, her abilities of execution were abundantly displayed. The song is well written, and cleverly instrumented, and testifies to Signor Bevnignani's ability as a composer of light music."

THE *Liverpool Mercury* says:—

"Mr. Michael Maybrick is pursuing a very successful career throughout the country. He has lately been singing with marked success at Carlisle, Glasgow, and other northern towns. Last week he returned to England, and made a highly satisfactory appearance at Bolton. It is to be hoped that Mr. Maybrick may soon be induced to visit his native town, when, in consequence of the respect in which his father is held, and the pleasurable remembrance of his deceased and musical uncle and namesake, he may expect a most cordial reception."

ORGAN NEWS.

MR. J. NICHOLSON has in course of completion, at his manufactory, Worcester, an organ for a church at Mentone, Alpes Maritimes, France. It is a most complete instrument for its size, and has two complete manuals from CC to F, 54 notes. One of the stops—the dulciana—is said to be a great improvement on the old stop of that name. The following is the composition of the instrument:—

GREAT ORGAN—CC to F (54 notes).					
	Pt. Pipes.			Pt. Pipes.	
1. Open Diapason (metal).....	8	54	5. Wald Flute (wood).....	4	54
2. Stop Diapason, bass	8	54	6. Principal (wood).....	4	54
3. Stop Diapason, treble (wood) ..	8	54	7. Mixture (metal).....	—	162
4. Dulciana, tenor C (small scale)—metal.....	8	42			
SWELL ORGAN—C to F (54 notes).					
1. Bell Diapason (metal)	8	42	4. Harmonic Flute (metal) ...	4	54
2. Metal Stop (wood)	8	54	5. Cornopean (metal).....	8	54
3. Principal (metal).....	4	54			
PEDAL ORGAN—CCC to C (25 notes).					
Bourdon, wood (large)				16 ft. tone.	18

COUPLERS.

1. Swell to Great. | 2. Great to Pedals. | 3. Bourdons to Swell.
Three composition pedals, lowest octave of the swell to CC acting on the Bourdons in the Pedal Organ, one octave and a half of German pedals.

THE new and excellent organ which has been erected in the Wesleyan Chapel, Lady Margaret Road, Kentish Town, was opened on Wednesday evening by Mr. W. T. Best, of St. George's Hall, Liverpool. The instrument, which has 28 registers and 1,492 pipes, has been built by Messrs. Forster and Andrews, of Hull, and includes:—

GREAT ORGAN—Compass, CC to G.			
1. Double Diapason, closed.	5. Dulciana.	9. Fifteenth.	
2. Open Diapason.	6. Harmonic Flute.	10. Mixture, 4 ranks.	
3. Violin Diapason.	7. Principal.	11. Trumpet.	
4. Rohrflöte.	8. Twelfth.	12. Cromorne.	
SWELL ORGAN—Compass, CC to G.			
1. Lieblich Bordun.	4. Flûte d'Amour.	7. Mixture, 3 ranks.	
2. Open Diapason.	5. Principal.	8. Horn.	
3. Stopped Diapason.	6. Flageolet.	9. Oboe.	
PEDAL ORGAN—Compass, CCC to F.			
1. Open Diapason.		2. Bourdon.	

There are five couplers, and all the latest improvements in machinery and tone have been introduced, including a simple and effective light touch movement to the manuals. The proceedings on Wednesday evening commenced with prayer and the singing of the Old Hundredth Psalm, after which the following programme was executed:—Chorus, "Give thanks unto God," Spohr; *Andante*, from the Sonata Duo in C major, Mozart; Rondo and Fugue, Bach; Organ Concerto (G minor), Handel; March of Priests, Mendelssohn; Prelude and Air with variations, J. L. Hatton; Prelude and Fugue, Bach; Duet, "Sion now her head shall raise;" and Chorus, "Tune your harps to songs of praise," Handel.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

CHAPPELL & Co.—"Art Treasures for the Pianoforte." Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, by W. S. Rockstro.
RUDALL, ROSE, CARTE, & Co.—"Réunions Musicales," for voice, flute, and piano. No. 8, "The Settling Sun."
ASHDOW & PARRY.—"Harrover Square Magazine," for December.
DUFF & SWEART.—"Good-night, sweet mother," song, by N. Diodenato; "The true right hand," song, by Theodore Distin; "My love will come with the summer," song, by G. A. Macfarren.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY.

A general meeting of students interested in this society was held in the Music Class-room, Park Place, lately. The chair was occupied by Professor Oakeley, one of the presidents of the society.

In his introductory remarks, the chairman, after narrating what steps had been taken to establish the society on a permanent basis, remarked:—

"Now, whatever drawbacks may exist—such as scanty attendance at rehearsals, and the apparent impossibility here (as I remember we found it at Oxford) of forming an efficient amateur orchestra—it would surely be a very great pity if the interest of the students should in any respect flag as regards this newly formed society, and the annual concert in which the public takes so evident an interest. I understand that some alterations and modifications of the existing rules are to be proposed to you by the committee, which, if agreed to, may be of advantage. I need hardly add that I will personally lend all aid in my power to any musical society here, and of course I must be specially interested in one so intimately connected with this University; and I should much regret if the next concert is not even more of a success than the last one."

Dr. Rutherford then read the committee's report, which advised—

"1. That the instrumental section of the society should be organized shortly before the concert proposed to be given by the society. 2. That the subscription to the society should be lowered to five shillings for the winter session. 3. That the meetings of the vocal section should be begun as soon as forty members are obtained."

In moving that this report be adopted, Professor MacLagan made a long and interesting speech. Among other things he said:—

"He would submit to them one or two considerations in favour of vocal music which formed reasons why young men should embrace so good an opportunity as the present of cultivating it, and would try to meet some objections which students or their guardians might make to a young man joining such a society. First, vocal music was a good mental exercise. He wished particularly to bring this to the attention of the Art students who formed the junior portion of the members of the University, and who were at the period of life when they could most advantageously try to get some acquaintance with the practice of singing. They would be doubly valuable as members of the society, because they had the prospect of being longest at the University, would ultimately form most efficient members, and would be a nucleus to which future students would attach themselves. Most of these gentlemen were engaged in studies which were not intended to be used by them for the practical purposes of their future lives, but which were to give them that mental culture which every gentleman ought to have, whatever his future occupation was to be. Now, he claimed for music, just as he did for the study of the dead or living languages, the merit of being a good mental exercise. It stimulates attention and thought. Like a language it has a grammar and a construction of its own. It is, in fact, a language, and one in which ideas and feelings and affections and passions can be most fully and impressively uttered. Secondly, it is a charming recreation. It is something to possess an accomplishment which can give pleasure to others, but he appealed to all those who had ever taken part in true part-singing whether the pleasure which it gave to the performer was not greater even than that which it gave to the hearers. Even at the first trial of a new piece of music, when indifferent singers like himself were only rudely hammering at it, there was a pleasure in feeling how the harmonies came out; it was still greater when it began under further practice to be a little smoother; and greater still when it was so well polished under the instructions of a master that could be pronounced by him to be a satisfactory performance. Thirdly, it is a good moral discipline. It requires constant attention, patience, punctuality, and obedience, and these were good things for every one to learn. He believed, however, that the greater part of their fellow-students would assent to all that could be said in favour of music, and would admit their willingness to join in the cultivation of it, but that there were difficulties in the way; and to some of these difficulties he would now address himself. It might be said by those whom they asked to join the society that they were too busy, and could not afford the time. Now he begged to state that to teach people to sing in parts did not require any great expenditure of time. He was not speaking of those who were to make music their business in life: such persons required to give their whole time to it, just as every person had to do in regard to anything whatever that was to be his business in life; but to learn to sing in parts, as amateurs, sufficiently well to give pleasure to themselves and others, would not require any great expenditure of time. Professional men, even when deeply immersed in important professional duties, found time to learn and practise singing; and he did not believe that a student had more calls upon his time than a busy professional

man. Besides, one of the many advantages of such an employment of an hour or two in the week was that it gives relief from the pressure of other mental work, and would enable them to return to their studies with renewed zest and vigour. Another difficulty which might be started was that they—those whom they wanted to join the society—had not the capability of being taught music. Now, in reply to this he had to say that, in the opinion of persons of large experience in teaching singing, everybody was more or less capable of being taught to read music and to sing. Some persons condescended upon statistical statements, and said that 90 per cent. of females and about 80 per cent. of men could be readily taught. He was not able to speak to this from personal observation, but certainly a large proportion of human beings could be taught, much larger than was done in other countries; and if done in other countries, why not here? During his residence in Germany, he had had abundant opportunity of seeing how common an accomplishment part-singing was, and he had derived, during a recent residence at Aix-la-Chapelle, the greatest pleasure from the vocal performances of the "Liedertafel"—in short, a singing club composed of gentlemen, and a similar body—the "Orpheus"—composed of tailors, shoemakers, and other working men. He saw no reason why this should not exist here? Oh! but it would be said the Germans are such a musical people! Now, this was one of those statements which were very often made, and assented to without any consideration being given as to what it meant. If it meant that Germany was essentially a musical country, because it had given to the world Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn, and other great masters, he was not going to deny that, with the echoes of the C minor Symphony still in his ears from the Choral Union's concert the previous night. If it meant that a man who was born on the banks of the Rhine had a natural capacity for learning music which was denied to one born on the banks of the Tweed, he ventured to deny that altogether. Indeed, so far as spontaneous efforts to sing or whistle might be held as proof of a natural tendency to music, he heard far more of those in the streets of this country than in Germany. To be sure, they were in general execrable performances of the tunes which were ground on hand-organs; but they showed the musical tendency of the performers, such as they were. If, on the other hand, it were maintained that Germany is a musical country because far more and better singing was to be heard there, he assented to that at once. It was just because teaching singing to the young was so general as to be almost universal in Germany that this was the case, and that was precisely what he would like to see here. There were now about 1400 students at the University of Edinburgh; he would knock off the odd hundreds and take them at 1000, and instead of 80 per cent. he would only assume 50 per cent. to be capable of musical instruction; and on these data the University ought to furnish 500 persons who might with advantage join this society. It might be said by the guardians of young men that this practice might lead to habits of idleness and dissipation, and he did not deny that it had done so when people could not meet to sing together except in a tavern. But when they had a place in the University itself in which to practise, and at tedious hours, he no more admitted that it would lead to dissipation than he would admit it to be singing when a parcel of fellows more or less drunk were heard bellowing, "Willie brewed a peck o' maut," over a sixth tumbler of toddy at two in the morning. Objection to joining the society might be made on the score of expense. He would direct attention to that part of the committee's report.

Mr. Macdougall seconded the adoption of the report, which was unanimously approved.

After the election of office-bearers, the proceedings concluded by a performance on the organ by Professor Oakeley. He played the "Nightingale chorus," and as a tribute of respect to the memory of Rossini, he gave also the Prayer from *Mosè*.

SCHUBERT'S SIXTH SYMPHONY.

The Symphony in C—sixth in order of the nine Schubert is known to have written—is one of the results of Mr. George Grove's Vienna researches during the autumn of last year. Dr. Edward Schneider, in whose possession the original manuscript has long been (and still is), did not seem thoroughly alive to the importance of his trust. At all events, he permitted the work to lie, with other treasures hardly less precious, in the silence and darkness of a cupboard which promises to become historical. That this should be the case in Vienna, the city of great masters, the place where Schubert lived and died, appears incredible. So it was, however, and the composer might have waited long for his full meed of recognition had it depended upon the men of his own country. But while Dr. Edward Schneider kept his cupboard locked, and the Viennese musicians never troubled him for the key, one belonging to an "unmusical country" appeared on the scene, eagerly

looking for remains of Schubert. He heard of the cupboard, promptly asked for the key, and got it, disturbed the dust in that neglected receptacle, felt the joy of a discoverer, and went home treasure-laden. As we have pointed out, the Symphony in C is one of the results, and by this time Vienna must have heard the echoes of hyperborean applause bestowed upon her gifted but neglected son. Let us hope Vienna will learn the lesson.

But now to the Symphony itself. From one point of view it is as affecting as Milton's description of his blind hero, since it is equally suggestive of touching personal experiences. In 1818 poor Schubert came upon an oasis in the desert of his otherwise joyless life. Out of poverty, and all the miseries which it must have entailed upon an organization like his, the composer was lifted into circumstances of comfort, even of luxury. This was the result of an engagement as resident music-master in the family of the Esterhazy's. Once installed with a perspective of dinners before him to which there was no vanishing point, and with ample leisure to cultivate the art he so passionately loved, what wonder that a complete revulsion of feeling came over him. Every one of us can, to a greater or less extent, sympathize with his emotions. To him the sunshine must have been brighter, the face of nature lovelier, the song of the birds more melodious, and life altogether a blessed thing, which it could hardly have been before. Under circumstances like these the symphony now given to the world was composed. We should expect to find it reflecting the master's happiness, to see it a-glow with the light that shone for a time upon his path; and such expectations it fulfils. Years before, another composer had dwelt in the palace of an Esterhazy, and had there written music so genial and pleasant that it is always as welcome as flowers in May. The same influence came upon Schubert, and the Esterhazy music-master of Zélez is, in some respects, scarcely to be distinguished from him of Esteras. But of all Schubert's works this Sixth Symphony stands alone in its Haydnish vivacity. On the face of his other compositions is stamped the sadness or the despair from which he enjoyed but a temporary relief. Are we not right, therefore, when we call it affecting?

THE SUNDAY SACRED CONCERT MOVEMENT.

A *soirée* was held on Wednesday evening at the Freemasons' Tavern the object being to celebrate a recent decision of the Court of Common Pleas, to the effect that the opening of such places as St. Martin's Hall on Sunday evenings for concerts of sacred music was not contrary to law. The chair was taken by Sir Joshua Walmesley, who was supported on the platform by Mr. Baxter Langley, Mr. H. J. Slack, Mr. Clapham (Leeds), and one or two other gentlemen. The chairman and following speakers addressed themselves to "sentiments" in the American fashion, making short speeches, without, however, concluding with any motion. The chairman strongly denounced the proceedings of the Sabbatarians, which he compared to those of the protectionists previous to the repeal of the corn laws. Mr. Slack recited a comic poem or song, the burthen of which was "Let us all be unhappy on Sundays," and which seemed to be much relished by his auditory. Mr. Clapham detailed the struggles which had taken place in Leeds between the Sabbatarian magistrates of that town and the working classes, on the subject of Sunday sacred concerts, resulting in the success of the movement. Mr. Conway addressed himself to the history of the Sabbath, contending that to make it a day of gloom was contrary to its original intention, and that the restrictions now imposed on the English people were the result of an ignorant and imbecile superstition. The serious proceedings of the evening terminated with the presentation by Mr. Weatherly of an address from the "Recreative religionists," to Mr. Baxter Langley thanking him for his recent successful defence, in the Court of Common Pleas, of the principles advocated by the recreative religionists. After a suitable reply from Mr. Langley the company adjourned to the concert and ball rooms.

CRYSTAL PALACE CHOIR.

The following letter appeared in the *Sunday Times* of the 29th ult.:-

To the Editor of the "*Sunday Times*."

SIR,—Your remarks upon our shortcomings are rather hard to bear, although I fear they are deserved; we cannot lay claim to decent powers of performance. But permit me to put the matter before your readers in what I conceive to be its true light. The Choir is composed of amateur singers who have small chance of practice, apart from the Thursday evening rehearsal at Exeter Hall, and the occasional performance at the Palace. In order that a body so constituted may attain to any decent executive power, it is important that the utmost economy of time be practised, and that the constituent parts of that body be not unnecessarily puzzled. Now, with every kind feeling for Mr. Manns, I must beg to state that we are in one perpetual state of wonder as to his meaning. In most places certain recognized beats stand for

certain times—these we all understand; but Mr. Manns has signs of his own, which may be understood by his band, but are certainly not understood by us. He appears to me to take great pains to arrange the work to be rehearsed "for one stick," and when he appears before us he goes through this pictorial performance with much vigour; but it is misplaced energy, for I can assure you that the great majority of us do not comprehend in the least his meaning. Apart from the doings of "the stick," Mr. Manns' directions are mostly given in broken English, and his well-meant intentions only puzzle us the more.

Having stated the case thus far, I may perhaps be allowed to suggest a remedy. I am of opinion that if Mr. Manns could secure the help of an *English* assistant to conduct part-songs at the Palace, and the rehearsals at the Hall, a very speedy improvement would be perceived in the Choir. Any such assistant would, of course, be prepared to give Mr. Manns' readings to such works as are to be performed with orchestra, and should assuredly be well able to make accurate and intelligible time-beats. I make these suggestions in all humility, but I make them with the conviction that your notice of the 22nd inst., is only the prelude of the coming storm—a storm, by the way, which may sweep the Crystal Palace Choir clean away.—I am, Sir,

A MEMBER OF THE CHOIR.

We hope this voice from the ranks will be heard and attended to lest worse befall.

WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard, accompanied by Miss Annie Edmonds, has given pianoforte recitals this week at Southampton, Newbury, Haversham, and Maidstone, each with the most gratifying results, both as to attendance, applause, encores, &c. Never has our distinguished pianist been received with more unanimous and hearty favour in this country, where such music as she invariably selects and the manner which she executes, about which it would be superfluous to say one word, are calculated more than anything else to raise and spread a taste for the beautiful and pure in art.

The town of Lugo has preferred its claim, in opposition to the hitherto generally admitted one of Pesaro, to be the birthplace of Rossini. A statue of the great Italian is to be erected in the principal street. Pesaro might do likewise, and the dispute remain unsettled.

Mozart's *Requiem* was performed, on Tuesday morning, in the Italian Church, Hatton Garden, for the repose of the soul of Rossini.

Herr Joseph Joachim is expected in London the first week in January to fulfil his engagement at the Monday Popular Concerts.

The Tyrolean singers (from the Zillerthal), Die Herrn Holaus, Meickl, Margreiter, Holwarth, and Frau Holaus, had the honour of singing the following programme on Thursday week before the Queen and the Royal family, at Windsor Castle. The Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting were present:

Quintett and Jodel, "The Travelling Minstrel; National Song, "My Heart is in the Zillerthal;" Valse Quartet, "Remembrance of Peterhoff;" Solo Xylophone (National instrument); Laughing Chorus; Song and Chorus with Jodel, "Up in the Alps;" Solo (Zither), Herr Margreiter.

The singers were accompanied by Mr. Nimmo, who represented Mr. Mitchell, of Old Bond Street.

Madame Harriers-Wippenn has left Berlin for a six months' tour in Italy.

Steps are being taken to erect no fewer than twenty monuments to Rossini's memory in different parts of Italy.

The *Tomahawk* says:—"When a great composer like Rossini dies he leaves us heirs to a never-failing fund. His notes will never be dishonoured."

Madame Rossini has, it is said, consented to the removal of her husband's body to Italy, but it is not certain whether Florence or Pesaro will be chosen for its final resting place.

Guillaume Tell has been performed at Rouen in honour of Rossini. At the close of the opera a bust of the composer was crowned while the orchestra played the prayer from *Moise*.

The Russian Director of the Imperial Theatres is suing Signor Fraschini for 80,000 francs damages, arising out of the singer's refusal to keep his St. Petersburg engagement.

At the last Monday Popular Concert Herr Ludwig Straus was leader. Schubert's Octet and a quartet in C by Haydn (first time), were in the programme. Next week we shall give a notice in full of Herr Straus's success and of the concert generally.

The last programme of the Concerts Populaires was as follows:—Reformation Symphony, Mendelssohn; *Adagio* from Septuor, Beethoven; Symphony in E flat, Mozart; *Andante* with variations, Haydn; Overture (*Vaisseau Fantôme*), Wagner.

Owing to a family bereavement, Miss Agnes Zimmermann has returned to London without fulfilling her engagements in Germany.

At the last Concert Populaire, the overture to *Guillaume Tell* was played and encoored amid what is stated to have been "indescribable enthusiasm."

Our friend, the *Little Musical Gazette* (New York), informs its readers that "Handel's oratorios and Bach's choir works in piano arrangements are never-ending fountains of delight and progressive knowledge." This is what a well-known poet would describe as "the rapture of a dreamy thought."

The *Morning Summary*, a Tory and high church paper, two or three weeks old, is no more. Its patrons must therefore be contented with the older prints of that party. A sad fatality has been at work among the comic publications. *The Censor*, *Toby*, and *Banter* have disappeared, but the world seems none the gloomier.

Mdlle. Ilma de Murska sang on Tuesday at a concert in Brighton, and will sing at a concert in Liverpool this evening. On Sunday she leaves England for Pesh. Her engagement at the Opéra Italien, in Paris, commences on January 5th, when she takes the place left vacant by Madame le Marquise de Caux (Adelina Patti).

Mr. Wilford Morgan (who has been for some months fulfilling an engagement in the Provinces with the "Grand Duchess" Opera Company, sustaining the important character of Fritz for upwards of 150 nights with much success) has returned to town and is now playing the same part at the New Standard Theatre, Shoreditch.

The Continental Gazette says:—

"Moscow is at present enraptured with a young cantatrice, named Berthe Ferucci, who in the rôle of Gilda, in *Rigoletto*, was called eight times before the curtain, and nearly smothered with bouquets. Paris will soon have an opportunity of applauding this new star, whose beauty equals her talent, and who will add another to the brilliant galaxy.

Another "remarkable child-pianist," Miss Henrietta Markstein, is spoken of in flattering terms by *Watson's Art Journal* (New York)—which journal, by the way, appropriates wholesale the articles and paragraphs that appear in the *Musical World*, with never a word of acknowledgment. Watson is not the less welcome, however, for his paper is one of the most gentlemanly conducted art-papers in this wide and dreary world.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Blagrove recently had the honour of performing the following selection of pieces, in the Red Drawing Room of Windsor Castle:—Duet, *Faust*, Gounod; Concerto (1st Movement), Concertina, De Beriot; Solos Pianoforte: Berceuse (D flat), Study (G flat), on black keys only, Chopin; Fantasia Concertina: Scotch Airs, R. Blagrove; Duet on Welsh Airs: "Watching the Wheat," "The Camp," "The Blackbird," "The Bells of Aberdovey."

We (the *Pall Mall Gazette*) recommend to the attention of Mdlle. Schneider, whose performances excited so much virtuous indignation when she visited us last summer, the following announcement, which appears daily in all the public journals:—

"At 10, Kotzebue's play of *The Stranger*, burlesqued under the title of *The Stranger Stranger than Ever*. At 10.30, the *Can-can* danced every evening by the *Stranger* and Mrs. Haller."

We (the *Musical World*) recommend Mdlle. Schneider to look to her own affairs. *Cui bono?*

"Last evening," wrote the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent on Monday, "the Marquis and Marquise de Caux had an *intime* reception. Among the guests were Madame Alboni and M. Auber, Agnesi and Alary—cold and consequent extinction of voice kept away Gardoni—Prince Poulitowski, &c. Madame de Caux sang 'L'Etranger,' of Alary, and a new composition of M. Hoffman. Agnesi also sang. M. Auber who left soon after midnight, as the young fellow had 'some other parties to go to,' looks as fresh as a boy, and, indeed, as if it would be 'any one's turn next' except his own. The veteran composer was asked last night his opinion of his hostess, and I have great pleasure in repeating his answer: 'I have seen and heard many singers. I remember Catalani, Pasta, Malibran, Grisi, and Sontag; but I never heard so perfect an artist as La Patti: as for her voice, it is without a flaw.'"

HAMBURG.—Second Philharmonic Concert: Symphony in D major, Haydn; Overture and ballet music to *Rosamunde*, Schubert; and Symphony in B major, Op. 38, Schumann.

LEIPZIG.—Second Soirée for Chamber Music: Quartet in D major, Haydn; Sonata for Flute and Pianoforte (arranged by Herr David), Handel; Duet for Violin and Tenor, Mozart; and Quintet in C major, Beethoven.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—A report having been spread about that Madame Adelina Patti would not be able, for reasons connected with her health, to keep her engagement with the manager of the Imperial Theatre, M. de Gedeonow forwarded to the *Journal de St. Petersburg* the following telegram received from the fair singer:—"False and absurd rumours; health excellent; shall come to St. Petersburg according to agreement; happy that the moment is approaching." M. de Gedeonow adds that Madame Patti has, moreover, signed for all the season of 1869-70, and for all the season of 1870-71.—The Italian operatic company for the present season is thus constituted:—*Prime Donne*: Madame Pauline Lucca (from 16th November to 28th December, 1868); Mesdames Frizzi, Volpini, Trebelli, Galli, and Adelina Patti (from the 13th January, 1869, to the end of the season, that is, the 15th March). *Seconde Donne*: Mesdames Vall' Anese, Berini, and Pedroni. *Primi Tenori*: Signori Calzolari, Stagno (in the place of Signor Fraschini, who has declined to fulfil his engagement), Neri-Baraldi, and Mario. *Secondi Tenori*: Signori Rossi and Patrinieri. *Primi Baritoni*: Gassier, Meo, and Steller. *Primi Bassi*: Signori Angelini and Bagagiolo. *Primo Basso Buffo*: Signor Zucchini. *Secondo Basso*: Signor Fortuna. Conductor: Signor Vianesi. Principal Stage Manager: Mr. Augustus Harris. Second Stage Manager: Signor Ferrero.

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